

All in the Family - Part VIII

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Summary: Fifteen years after their marriage an old enemy comes back to threaten those Lee and Amanda love.

All in the Family - Part VIII

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All in the Family

>
Part VIII

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Lee took a deep breath and looked at his wife. They had both always known that it was only a matter of time before one of their family members would want the details about what they did for a living. For ten years they had answered questions with vague generalities and begged off under the guise of 'need to know'. Yet, they had always known that there would come a time when one of them would really have a 'need to know'. Funny, neither had ever thought that it would be Jamie. More than the others, Jamie had always seemed content to know as little as possible about their business. And, despite all the preparation, neither was ready for this moment. But there was Jamie, standing in front of them, unable to keep the pain out of his eyes. Yes, he did have a need to know, and they were going to have to come clean.

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"Alright Jamie," Lee started slowly. "What do you want to know."

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"Well, I know that the two of you are spies, excuse me intelligence operatives," he corrected knowing that both Lee and Amanda didn't particularly care for the term 'spy'. "And I know that you deal with highly sensitive information that has from time to time put you in danger. What I want to know now is, just how involved in all this stuff is Elizabeth? You said she worked with you - is she an agent? Is she working on a case now? What kind of danger is she in? From whom? And..."

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"Woah, Jamie!" Lee cut into the barrage of questions. Under any other set of circumstances the endless questions would have been kind of funny. 'Like mother, like son,' he thought. "Listen, your mother

and I are prepared to fill in some of the gaps for you, but you've got to slow down."

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"I'm sorry," Jamie replied continuing to pace in front of them. "It's just that I ... I saw Elizabeth on the street today and she was with this strange man. She said some pretty hateful things to me, but they just didn't sound like her."

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Jamie dropped into a chair and put his head in his hands. It tore at Amanda's heart to see him so distraught. After a short pause he looked up, his eyes round with pain. "I guess I, well ... I guess I was sort of hoping that she was on some undercover assignment. Maybe ... maybe she was just trying to get rid of me so I wouldn't get hurt, or blow her cover. Pretty silly pipe dream, huh? I guess I'm just grasping at straws."

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"Oh Jamie," Amanda's mothering instinct took over as she reached out and put her hand on her son's arm. "That's not silly at all."

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"Jamie," Lee chuckled watching his stepson rise and begin to pace even faster than before. "Those aren't half bad instincts you've got there. Elizabeth took an undercover assignment with a Middle Eastern terrorist organization three days ago."

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"I'm sorry I didn't tell you the other night," Amanda sighed "I guess I was trying to protect you. The Mom in me took over, and I thought the less you knew the safer you'd be. I never dreamed you'd run into her on the street."

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"So that's why she hasn't called me," despite his worry Jamie couldn't keep the grin off his face. "And that's why she was with that guy. Who is he? How dangerous is this?" Worry began to once again creep into Jamie's face.

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"He's a terrorist named Assi Birol," Amanda supplied Jamie with a name to go with the face that had haunted him all evening.

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"And the danger?" Jamie repeated.

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"It's a dangerous assignment," Lee admitted. "Most assignments in this business are, but Elizabeth is one of the best agents I've ever come across. She is more than capable of taking care of herself."

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"Really?" Jamie looked up surprised. "Despite the fact that my brain has had a few days to process the fact that she's a spy, it's just still a little hard to fathom. I can't even picture her killing a spider, much less another person. Thinking about the woman I've known these past two months, it's just hard to envision. Almost as hard as envisioning my own mother taking out the bad guys."

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Knowing that there was still a chance for him and Elizabeth Jamie's disposition had improved drastically. He smiled as he looked at his mother and Lee. It was getting harder and harder to remember a time before Lee Stetson had come into their lives. It was Lee he had blamed when they had told him about the agency. He saw his mother as a helpless victim sucked into this world of danger and intrigue because of her love for Lee Stetson. Although he and Lee had long since mended their fences, he'd be lying if he didn't admit that a part of him still held Lee responsible. Yet, as he stood there looking at them he saw how deeply they loved one another. Jamie's thoughts shifted quickly to Elizabeth and he realized that he must feel the way about her that his mom felt about Lee. He could accept just about anything as long as it meant they could be together. But at that moment he knew that it was his choice to walk into the world that Elizabeth lived in. The road would not be safe or easy. Yet he wasn't a victim any more than his Mother was.

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"Lee," Jamie shifted nervously. "I just wanted to

say...well...um...I'm sorry."

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"For what?" Lee looked at his stepson in surprise.

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"For blaming you for what Mom decided to do for a living. I get it now. I guess love makes you willing to take risks. But I'm also willing to bet that it's more than worth the risk."

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"It is," Lee simply smiled as he looked over at his wife.

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Suddenly glancing around the room as if he was just now noticing its contents Jamie saw the half-empty wineglasses and the bowl of popcorn. Glancing at the VCR he realized what he must have interrupted. "Now if you'll excuse me," he tossed the remote to Lee, "I've got some plans to make. Can you two do me a favor?"

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"Anything," Lee grinned catching the remote.

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"Let me know the minute Lizzie's undercover assignment ends?"

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"You'll be my first phone call," Amanda hugged her son good-bye and he turned and walked out of the room.

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>Still in her car and half-asleep Margarita jumped as her phone rang. "What?" she barked testily into the phone.

>"Bring him to me," was the low forceful reply on the other end of the line. "Now!"

>The line went dead and Margarita looked up just in time to see Jamie walk out of Lee and Amanda's house. She got out of her car and put on her best 'helpless lost female' face. As Jamie walked by the car she smiled at him and asked, "I'm a little lost, I was wondering if you could help me?"

>"Sure!" Jamie called walking back toward the woman. He was in a great mood and nothing could ruin it now. "What are you looking for?"

>As soon as Jamie was within her reach Margarita took him down with one swift blow to the back of the neck. Stuffing him in the back seat of her car she quickly handcuffed him and looked around to make sure no one had seen her. Then she dusted off her hand and got back behind the wheel. 'Too easy,' she thought, 'too easy.' Then glancing back at her prize she smiled thinking, 'At last I have something that will impress Assi Birol.'

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Elizabeth was in hell. Assi Birol's lips were trailing down her throat and his hands were playing with the buttons on the front of her blouse. This had never been an aspect of the job that she particularly enjoyed, but now with Jamie in her life it was even worse. 'Who am I kidding?' she thought. 'Jamie is most certainly not in my life. He must hate me after this afternoon.' A lump formed in her throat as she forced herself to accept that any hope she had in reconciliation had vanished when she got in the car with Assi.

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She prayed that something, anything would stop Assi's exploration of her body. Just as she had about reached her breaking point the telephone in the back room began to ring. With a curse Assi got up and walked into the back room to answer it. In a low tone he called over his shoulder, "Stay right where you are and keep my place

warm."

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Elizabeth just smiled and called, "Hurry back." Even as she mouthed the words she prayed that he would do anything other than hurry back. His scent was all over her and she could still taste him. The overall affect was to make her want to gag. Not to mention the urge she had to brush her teeth and shower until any remembrance of him was gone. Closing her eyes she leaned her head back against the sofa. 'It will all be over soon,' she had to believe that.

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>Assi picked up the ringing phone and hissed into the receiver, "This had better be good."

>"You sound otherwise occupied, perhaps I called at a bad time?" Assi heard his father's voice and immediately a cold shudder ran through him. His father never called this line. Something had to be wrong.

>"What's wrong?" he demanded.

>"How is your new lady friend?" Addi asked, a hint of anger escaping from his otherwise emotionless tone.

>"She's fine. What is this about?" Assi demanded again forcing himself to keep his voice low.

>"She's working for Scarecrow." Addi explained flatly.

>"Scarecrow? Are you certain? She has never hidden the fact that she is agency." Anger bubbled up from inside Assi. Anger that his plans could all be destroyed, anger that this woman had made him betray the father that had only recently come back into his life.

>"A likely cover," Addi spat back at his son. "Margarita followed her friend from this afternoon to Scarecrow's house. They are probably all working together. I warned you about the girl, did I not?"

>"I'm sorry," Assi's voice dropped low.

>"That doesn't matter now," Addi replied to his son's surprise. "She is a risk. The buildings will just have to wait. Instead, I have a little unfinished business from the past to take care of. Scarecrow destroyed me once, I will need your help to make sure he never has the opportunity to do it again."

>"Anything you need," Assi replied with the fierce determination of a boy desperate to please his father.

>"Listen very carefully. I am sure that the girl is wired, and if she has been trained by Scarecrow she could be highly dangerous. Here's what you need to do...."

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>Assi returned to the room carrying another glass of wine. Handing it to Elizabeth he smiled and said, "We drink to a beautiful new friendship?"

>Elizabeth knew that she had already had more than enough wine while she was supposed to be on the job. However, the way his hands made her skin crawl she didn't think she could make it through the evening without another glass. "Cheers," she replied taking the glass from him and forcing the liquid down her throat.

>"I'll put on some music. Perhaps we shall dance?" Assi inquired.

>"Sounds delightful," Elizabeth answered taking another deep swig

from her glass. Before she realized what was happening a gnawing feeling began to develop in her stomach and an insistent pounding began to cloud her head. She realized what had happened a moment too late, there was nothing she could do. Assi had not even selected the music before Elizabeth was out cold on the sofa.

>"Ah, my pet, I'm so sorry it has to be this way," Assi mumbled as he began looking for the tracking device his father had insisted she would have. Sure enough, taped to the inside of her shoe he found the little device. "Such a pity," he mumbled again as he carried her to the garage and laid her inside the van. "It's time for a little trip, my love," Assi laughed as he then took the device into the upstairs room and smashed it into a thousand pieces.

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file.